TO HIS Royal Highneſs THE PRINCE OF WALES, UPON His Illuſtrious Birth and Removal FROM St. James's to Richmond.

——*Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica virtus.* Juv. *Sat.* 8.
Vade, vale: cave ne titubes, mandataque frangas. Hor. *Epiſt.*

By a Loyal Muſe.

WHen God to Man does wiſh'd for Bleſſings ſend,
They heighten joy, and all our care attend;
Each thing revives, as in the early ſpring,
When *Flora's* ſweetneſs on the earth is green,

And blooming Beauty graces all the Plain,
Care of the Nymphs, becauſe it kills the Swain:
Thus ſprings our Joy's increaſe, Bleſt Prince, from you,
Sweeter not Heav'n ere gave, nor Earth ere knew;
Great as the Bleſſing are our tributes due;
Hail! mighty Infant, born for to command
With equal Juſtice this thy Father's Land:
Thou mak'ſt the Crown ſit eaſie on his head,
And fill'ſt with future hopes thy Mother's bed:
Bright as the Queen of Heaven's are her eyes,
Such are her Charms, they needs muſt bribe the Skies,
And *James*; whoſe Heart beneath her Sceptre lies:
Hail! happy Off-ſpring of ſo fair a Queen,
That nothing's wanting to compleat her mein,
Her Preſence ſhew her to be all Divine.
If with Poetick Liberty I might
View the vaſt Regions of eternal Light,
Then ſhou'd I ſee ſtand by the Heav'nly Throne
The Greateſt *Charles*, God's Martyr'd Holy one,
With Angels praiſing thy auſpicious Birth,
Wonder of Heaven, and the Joy of Earth;
By God, and Angels thus belov'd above,
Surely thou muſt inferiour Paſſions move;
"For when in Heav'n the Holy Angels ſing,
"Some liſt'ning Soul to Earth their Songs does bring,
Which fill our hearts with nobleſt harmony,
Such as does wait the Courts of Majeſty;

Taught

Taught by the ſacred Choire, thus we ſing
Soft ſleep to thee, and triumphs to our King.

Look, Royal Babe! if that thy tender ſight
Permit thee to behold the piercing Light,
Which longs to warm, and kiſs thy pliant Arms,
And fears to be out-done by half thy Charms;
Hark! how three Kingdoms ſacrifice for Thee
Their choiceſt vows t' Eternal Majeſty;
See with what earneſt joy all things combine,
To Nurſe thy Soul that's made to be divine;
" For Kings are Gods, and may for ought we know,
" Be ſomewhat more than Mortals here below.
Saint James's boaſts thy Birth, thy God-like Face
With joy, and wonder fill'd the Royal Place;
Fraught with thy Vertues, dares it ſelf compare
To the fam'd *Windſor* for its wholeſom Air;
In vain it boaſts, ſince *Richmond* does out-ſhine
All that is fair, and calls it ſelf divine;
Thither the Goddeſs, and her Lovely Son
(Which has ſo long the amorous World o'ercome)
Repair, and ſee themſelves in thee out-done.
The Winged Boy unbends his well-ſtrung Bow,
Throws by his Darts, and break his Quiver too,
And owns no other God of Love, but You.
Heroick Youth! thou haſt a Sceptre won
And in thy Cradle do'ſt exceed the Son

Of

Of crafty *Jove*, which by *Alcmene* came,
And did the pois'nous Vipers bravely tame;
Safe in the Arms of glorious *Richmond* lie
There taught to live, thy Joys will never die;
Long may'st thou be the Object of all Love,
As dear to us as to the Saints above;
And when thy Father's Soul to Heaven's gone,
May Peace conduct thee to th' Imperial Throne.

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